50 " year

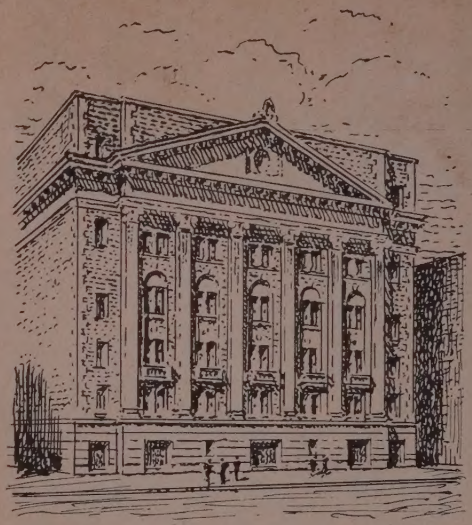
SEPTEMBER, 1944

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Shatter every church and creed;
Burn your Bible, cross and crown,
Still in answer to your need,
Something from above comes down.

Angela Morgan



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist
PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Vol. XXI **September, 1944** *Number 6*

Opening Service

32nd YEAR

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO
941 Lawrence at Sheridan

Sunday, September 17th, 1944
11:00 A. M.

Rev. Preston Bradley, LL.D., D.D.
PASTOR

Subject:

"A PATTERN FOR FREEDOM"

✦

The Constitution of the United States was adopted on September 17, 1787. Our opening service will observe this great event.

The Peoples Church Choir will sing under the direction of Philip Jorgensen

Service Broadcast by WJJD

✦

Let Us Greet Dr. Bradley With a Great Congregation

The Study, Arden Lodge,
Tower, Minnesota,
August 14, 1944.

Dear Friend:

Once again, and for the thirty-third time, I am writing my annual church-opening letter to you. Will you think of it as a personal message designed for you alone? I mean it to be such.

The summer has passed with startling rapidity. There have been addresses and sermons in various places, on several occasions. I have been able to read some books which a busy winter prevented. But perhaps greater than any other activity has been the flood of mail from our men and women of the armed forces which has been a revelation to me. What philosophers they are becoming! When they return I shall be challenged as never before in my long ministry. So will the church. We must be ready to accept the new and different demand which is just ahead of us. We must begin our new year together with more consecration, more devotion, more tolerance, more understanding and more love than we have ever expressed.

The fall months will be full of political argument, controversy and debate. People will be unusually irritable and difficult. Prejudice and hate will be evident. Sorrow and loneliness for many will increase. Misunderstanding will flourish.

In the midst of all this confusion and bickering our church must function as a house of inspiration, of prayer and of quiet, effective restoration. We must be the medium which will bring renewed strength and solace to weary and disillusioned people.

I begin our year's work with a deeper sense of responsibility than I have ever known. I have a clear vision of what I should like the church to be in this hour, and my constant prayer is that I may have the strength, courage and ability to perform the tasks ahead. I shall fail often and make many mistakes. I bespeak your patience and understanding. I cannot do this work alone. I need each one of you behind me. Will you right now resolve to help in every way? Your presence at church, your contributions, your loyalty and your prayers will be an ever-present sustenance and encouragement.

On Sunday morning, September 17th, when I walk into the pulpit to begin our year together, may I see you in your place, and as we sing our opening words may our hearts be filled with gratitude for the opportunity placed before us. Please plan to be present. I have chosen for the opening subject one appropriate for the day. On September 17, 1787, our Constitution was adopted, and I am going to speak on "A PATTERN FOR FREEDOM." The service will be broadcast by WJJD, our chorus choir will sing, with Mr. Jorgensen conducting.

I will be disappointed if I do not see you at the opening service. With ever deepening appreciation for your kindness, your loyalty and your friendship, I am

Your friend and Pastor,

PRESTON BRADLEY.

Dr. Bradley's Summer Radio Schedule

WJJD—Chicago, Ill.—Every Sunday—11:30 a.m.

WLS—Chicago, Ill.—7:45 a.m.—Monday through Friday

WHO—Des Moines, Iowa—5:30 p.m.—Monday through Friday

KSD—St. Louis, Mo.—7:15 a.m.—Monday through Friday

KOIL—Omaha, Neb.—7:15 a.m.—Monday through Friday

KFAB—Lincoln, Neb.—7:45 a.m.—Monday through Friday

KROC—Rochester, Minn.—12:00 noon—Monday through Friday

KATE—Albert Lea, Minn. { **9:00 p.m.—Mon., Tues., Weds., Thurs.**
5:30 p.m.—Sunday

KYSM—Mankato, Minn.—8:15 p.m.—Daily

✦ ✦ ✦

ANNOUNCING

Fall and Winter Radio Schedule

WGN—6:00 p.m. Beginning Monday, September 25th and continuing nightly thereafter.

WJJD—11:00 a.m. to 12:30. Beginning Sunday, September 17th and every Sunday thereafter.

"COURAGE"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

THIS morning I am going to speak on "Courage" as it is related to the tensions of life and the need for it, as we attempt to stand up to the challenge of the future and the present.

I want to help you. I know that there are thousands of people who need these Sunday morning talks. I am going to put all that I have into them, and I am going to ask your co-operation which you have given so splendidly this morning in this fine congregation. I am going to ask you to say to yourself as you leave, no matter what sacrifices it means of time or distance or any other thing, "I am not going to miss one single Sunday morning this month at the Peoples Church of Chicago," and let me whisper this to you: If you do that do you know what will happen? I know what will happen: you will not miss the next month, and you will not miss the next, for church-going is a habit and if you get up and adjust your lives to the habit of being here every Sunday morning at eleven o'clock, you will form the habit and it will be the most valuable habit you can form.

Now this is my thirty-second annual sermon on "Courage." I have talked about courage every year for thirty-two years, and do you know that sometimes I am so anxious and so persistent and so desirous of helping people, people who are in difficulty and having problems, that sometimes I make up my mind I won't announce any subjects at all any more; that I will put a permanent subject on the bulletin board and in the press and on the church calendar, and just preach on nothing else. If I did that, do you know what my subject would be? "COURAGE!" I could speak on it every Sunday in the year; the fact of the matter is that I do not preach on anything else very much.

I remember reading some years ago in the life of Mr. Dwight L. Moody, about his holding a series of evangelical meetings in a certain city. Mr. Moody was a very great preacher, one of the finest preachers we ever had. He was so unlike many of our modern fundamentalist brethren who are continually talking about hell, and justice, and the vengeance and envy of God, and all the rest of the harshness of it all, and sometimes when I listen to them it almost seems to me that they are preaching the fact of hell as though they were inwardly quite happy that there was such a place, and they seem to delight in the fact that they can send you to hell, or that you are going to hell, the way they say the word. It is just the way they say the word "God." They seem to frighten people. Well, Mr. Moody always believed in hell and Mr. Moody believed there was such a place, but Mr. Moody always, always, whenever he mentioned the word, or whenever he presented the theory of theology that there was such a place, had tears in his voice. Moody preached the fact of hell with tears weeping that anyone should ever have to go there. It broke his heart. That was the difference.

Now, when I think of all of these years during which I have been talking about "Courage" — I have not really spoken about anything else because I have but one ambition and one desire in any sermon or any address; I have only the ardent hope and

prayer that everyone who hears whatever I have to say, whether a Catholic, a Jew, a black man, or a white,—I am not concerned; but that everyone who hears me will say, "I am going to do better than I have been doing; I am going to make my life of a little finer constituency than it has ever been before."

Now, of course, every word that I am going to say has been the result of my own experience. Everything I say of a philosophical nature is the direct product of a previous experience. I shall give you no theory that I have not tried; I shall give you no hope that has not been generated in my own breast. It will not be the product of one who has been segregated from the seething currents of human lives. How can I expect to comfort those who mourn if I have never known grief? How can my words ring with an authenticity as I speak of the resultant joy and inner happiness that comes to a human life that has come out of the mire and the gutter of life into the beauty and loveliness of life's best . . . how could I ever point human lives to the ecstasy of regeneration and to the beauty of redemption if I had never had in my own nostrils the smell of the gutter and had known in my own weaknesses the remorse and the agony of sin? Don't you see what I mean? How can I be a curé of human souls if I have not participated in the agonies of failure and weakness? I have carried a cross too, and I have had to face life with disappointment, with disillusionment, gnawing, gnawing away at my heart. I know the agony of failure and I know the acid of sin. And well could I say, as was said by that life that was touched and dignified and beautified into an exquisite life of service, the life of John Wesley, who, when he stood one day, as you recall, in the jailyard watching the jailer dragging behind him in chains a cringing, foul, loathsome man, above the clamor of the rattling chains and the cries of this criminal, John Wesley turned to a friend and said, as he pointed his finger: "There, but for the grace of God, goes John Wesley."

Look at the face of this man here on the platform whose benign countenance looks down upon you and whom we placed there because of the spiritual idealism of his incomparable mind and the nobility of his heart, Ralph Waldo Emerson. As I pass him to and from this pulpit three times every week, I feel his presence and I look into the benign countenance that reveals the nobility of a great soul . . . look at him, the congregation this morning, that interesting face, the nobility of his brow; see how thought molds the face, and then turn with me to one of his great essays and listen to this sentence: "I have within me the capacity for every crime." Ralph Waldo Emerson, you say that? "I have within me the capacity for every crime." And when we look out upon the world what is the one thing we most need? If I had consulted myself in these past battles and struggles of my own life, there were many, many times when I never could have found this pulpit. I would not have had the physical strength, I would have run away.

There were many times when chaos and confusion hovered all about me and I had great decisions to make, and I said to myself: "How can you ever be an encouragement to other people when you need it so much yourself? How can you do it?" And the dawn broke for my own life when I discovered this law, this truth, *THAT THERE IS POWER TO MEET EVERY EXPERIENCE OF LIFE, AND WHEN YOU FIND THE WAY TO TAP THAT POWER, IT*

WILL GIVE YOU ENERGY, INTELLECTUAL, SPIRITUAL, MENTAL, PHYSICAL, AND WILL WEAVE ABOUT YOU THE AURA OF COURAGE AND YOU WILL BE ABLE TO LOOK AT EVERY TASK, AND EVERY EXPERIENCE, AND EVERY SITUATION WITH THE QUALITY OF MASTERY!

My dear friends of this Church, that is not a theory. I have demonstrated it, demonstrated it, demonstrated it, in my own life and soul a thousand times and more. That power is available to you; it is available to every father, every mother, every son, and every daughter in this wide, wide world, and I sometimes think I should like to devote the rest of my life in developing a technique by which I could enable humanity to find quickly and speedily the way to the using of that power. I cannot do it unless you give me the opportunity. I cannot do it unless you make the contact. I am here, the building is here, the doors are open, all is free, the troubled world is without, the anxieties and the conjectures about the future are in all of our hearts and minds, nothing new about that, until the two supreme fundamental facts I leave with you are: *FIRST:* The anchorage and dependability upon this sovereign thought, which is important associated with my thought of courage. I think there is nothing that I should like to do better than to indoctrinate the philosophy of courage with the spiritual reality of God, GOD. Probably there is no theme greater than monotheism: *There is ONE GOD, ONE FATHER OF ALL MANKIND!* The same God for the Catholic, for the Protestant, for the Jew—monotheism. There is no Catholic God, there is no Jewish God, there is no Gentile God, there is no White God, there is no Black God—*OUR* Father! Let the world, as it tries to begin anew say "our" instead of "my," and it will all be different. My God, my church, my race, my creed, my color . . . let us bury it. *OUR* FATHER. And here is the heart and soul of my message. You identify with the possessive attitude of "ours" a willingness to share, do you not? You cannot say "our" without being willing to share, and then what happens? The birth and consciousness develops of a "community of interests"; then it all is a community, and nothing, and I say this almost dogmatically, *NOTHING DOES THE WORLD NEED MORE THAN A SENSE OF COMMUNITY.* We need nothing more than that. And what is that sense of community, the sense of our common humanity wherein blood is blood, and tears are tears, and agony is agony, and hunger is hunger AROUND THE WORLD! It means that little babies cry in the same language whether it is in Ethiopia, in Tokyo, in Hongkong, in Berlin, in London, or Chicago. That's what it means! It means a community, a sense of oneness, one Father, one humanity, one God. Let that be the world's ideal and all will be different. That will take courage to maintain, it will take courage to live, but it will be a courage authenticated by the passions of the greatest hearts the world has ever known. The great martyrs, the great teachers, the great leaders, the great guides, the great humanitarians, the great CHRIST himself dreamed of that kind of a world, and as far as I am concerned, though the whole physical, material, mechanistic, practical, political world says that they are but wild dreams of unworkable things, my faith and my heart turn not to the failures of yesterday, no matter what they have been, my face is turned toward the dawn when man will arise out of his

stupefied traditional bondage and will be able in the full glory of his personality to say: "At last, at last, I have found my brother, my brother, my Father, my Home," and the earth will be filled with the goodness of God and man shall reflect the greatness of creation and return the confidence of God who created man in his own image. Take courage for the New World! You bear the image of the undefeated; that is not enough . . . *YOU BEAR THE IMAGE OF THE UNDEFEATABLE,* and that's better.

Taken From Dr. Bradley's Latest Book "My Daily Strength"

MEET THE CHALLENGE

I have a deepening awareness that life was created, designed and patterned for something tremendously significant; tremendously beautiful. It was not designed to be wasted; to be taken as war, or death, or poverty. It is a very fundamental part of the cosmic rhythm of the universe, all related to some great definite purpose. When individuals struggling to make life a great adventure, find themselves thwarted by all sorts of external influences, they are driven afresh and anew into those inner reserves of their own personality.

To meet the challenge victoriously what must be my attitude?

It is not the kind of world I like or want to live in, but since I must live in it, I am not going to let it ruin my life.

Infinite Heart of Love, be with all Thy children who are disturbed, confused, disillusioned and unhappy. May they feel the soothing influence of Thy spirit; and may they know deep in their hearts that right always wins and that the seeming victories of wrong are always but temporary. And may this knowledge and assurance give them strength, courage and fortitude to meet the present hour, knowing that underneath are Thy everlasting arms of Love.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church,
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

Summer Address of

Dr. and Mrs. Preston Bradley

Tower, Minn.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D.....Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....Associate Editor
MAY H. HARRISON.....Business Manager

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EDITORIAL

THERE is a great deal of discussion in the United States on the question of planning for a post-war world and drawing a plan which we hope might be put into execution. Whatever might be your position or mine on the question of the post-war world, we are a unit on our objective for the kind of a world we would like to live in and we hope will come into existence. We all ought to keep before us always the dream, if we haven't the plan;—the ideal of a world in which no person and no little child shall ever be hurt because of their religion, or race, or color is the world that we should always be attempting to build. Almost every citizen of this nation evidences that our major business is to win this war. The question of victory, and when, is uppermost, but there are many, many thoughtful people who are in complete accord that it is none too early right now to talk about the kind of world after victory which we want, and what can be done to bring that kind of world into being while we are engaged in the difficult task of fighting a war. More and more I am hearing from all sides opinions and theories and plans expressed by people about this problem.

Some of my listeners may have heard me mention a little book, published about two years ago, entitled "The World We Want to Live In." It is a small book, and I think is available in any book shop. I *do* wish every listener who is interested in this post-war world could read this little book. It is interesting because it is not written by one author, revealing only one point of view, but more than 40 representative men and women of every political philosophy, racial origin and religious creed contributed to the making of it.

For many summers there has been held at Williamstown, Massachusetts, a gathering of the best minds of this country. In the summer of '41 the national conference of Christians and Jews called together the distinguished leaders in religion, education, business, labor, agriculture, and civil affairs, more than 40 of them, to meet for a long conference, discussion and interchange of ideas on the campus of Wil-

liams College. Seldom in this country has a more representative or authoritative group of people gathered together. After spending the time in round-table discussions and conferences, Mr. Everett L. Clinchey, the National Chairman, made a compilation of the conclusions, and this book is the result. This institute of human relations was held during August. Some of the men participating, to give you an idea of the character of the institute, were Thomas E. Dewey, Henry Noble McCracken, Nelson A. Rockefeller, Roger W. Strauss, Arthur H. Compton, Loren Black, Dorothy Day of the "Catholic Worker," Mildred McAfee, President of Wellesley College, Robert F. Gordon, of the National Urban League, Carlton Hayes, of Columbia University, David Hinshaw, of the Standard Oil Company, Howard McCluskey, American Youth Commission, several from the South American Republics, and I could go on with a distinguished list of important names.

Over a thousand pages of notes, reports and manuscripts resulted from the institute, all of which have been simplified and edited into five distinct chapters: the first Chapter is Social Change; the second, Economics; the third, Politics; the fourth, Education; and the fifth Religion. All of these departments of life are the essential foundation upon which any post-war world is possible; that is, a post-war world which shall build on such economic, industrial, political, educational and religious fundamentals that never again will it be compelled to pass through the upheaval which it is now experiencing. In the back of the book each of these divisions is broken down into a discussion outline and I can think of no more valuable book for young people's discussion groups or adult groups or wherever people want the outline for a better idea of what can be done with this old earth after the madness of war has ceased, than this book. There is enough suggested in the five chapters, although the book itself consists of approximately 100 pages, to keep alive the ideal of a decent, dignified world to come after this tragedy. Mr. Clinchey, who has edited the discussions, has put at the bottom of each page the name of the author who contributed the idea to the general discussion, but not in all instances. This enables the reader to identify the thought with the one who gave it at the institute. I shall quote but two or three sentences from each of the chapters, to give you an idea of the gerat value of a book of this character.

Under "Social Change" there is this: "Americans need objective. The maintenance of a world that is past will not suffice. The freezing in their present form of nationality, class, race, and individual privilege is not possible. This is the nature of social change with which this book is concerned."

In the second chapter, which covers the field of economics, the four conclusions are arrived at for the world we want to live in: "First, the abolition of extremes in the possession of wealth; equal educational opportunities for all children, regardless of race or class; the protection of the family as a social unit, and, four; equal access to the world's resources for all peoples."

In the field of politics, there are these striking sentances:—"Making the world safe is not the same as 'making it safe for democracy.' The task at the moment is to make a world that is safe for decency and integrity. Once that is done, the long march of civilization will be resumed. If America, in this era to come, spreads democracy as a world system, it will be by example, not by force, save as force is needed in common defence."

In the chapter on Education there is this: "The youth of today are serious, hard working, idealistic. Educators must believe in them, insist on great demands, ask for sacrifices, but be sure that all of us sacrifice together; that none escape their share; hold for great tasks and then do not ask what can be done, ask what ought to be done. Youth will cry, 'Then let's do it.' "

And in some respects the most vital chapter of all, related to this world we want to live in, has to do with religious influences. Fundamentally, the institute said: "The social, economic and political aspects of the world men make are determined by the kind of religion which possesses those men. The function of religion in a democracy is to furnish the values, the morals, and the motivations. To do this, American religious people insist that the soul and mind of man must be free. There are limits to freedom, and duties which go with rights. From a religious point of view, the post-war world must be spiritual in motive, in incentive and objective. It must be ethical, it must be practical, it must have ideals. The test of the values of a society is what they do to man, for the dignity of the personality as a creation of God. This is the religious yardstick to be used in building the post-war world;" and when those who shall have the responsibility are sitting down at the tables in the great hour of making a peace, it is to be fervently hoped that every person at that table will be imbued with the ideals which this book, the result of the best thinking of some of the best minds in this nation, has put forth, and that every effort will be made to incorporate them in the basic pattern of world relationships. Upon such ideals, hopes and motives as are found in this book, the world we want to live in must be based, and the peace must be made. P. B.

THE PART YOU PLAY

AT 11:00 a.m., Sunday, September 17th, the doors of The Peoples Church of Chicago will swing wide open again, as we begin our 33rd year together. It is the most important moment in history—for the church, the people, the nation and the world. We cannot stand still; either we move forward or we slip backward. We must all be truly great—greater than we have ever been before. I love my church as I love my own life and whether my dreams and plans for our church can become a reality depends upon how you receive them and what you do with them. I cannot make them a reality alone.

What part are you going to play in the work of our church? Have you found a definite spot in which to function to the best of your ability? Have you become an integral part of some one of the church's organizations, in order that you may use your special talents to the best advantage? In a community of effort there is greater strength and power. Why not become a member of some one of these little "communities" of effort which go to make up the whole of The Peoples Church of Chicago:

The Church Choir
The Men's Club
The Woman's Club
The Junior Church
The Ushers' Club
The Uptown Players
Professional and Business Women's Club

Church School of Religious Education

Do not wait for an invitation. The group you are interested in may not know who you are or where to reach you. Won't you seek the group that appeals to you most? The names of the officers of every organization in the church are on page 24 of this magazine. Look them up. Write them or inquire for them in the church lobby the opening Sunday of church. They are waiting to greet you.

It would break my spirit if I thought our great church would not meet the challenge of this hour. Let the year ahead be our best year because of the help we will be to humanity—because of the light we will throw into the dark places. Our true worth is in the treasure found in the hearts of men, women and children, because their hearts have been made rich through the work and life of the church, and may the light of our church shine brighter and brighter as we move steadily forward.

Your friend and pastor,
PRESTON BRADLEY.

The Bazaar! **Are You Ready For It?**

BECAUSE the canning season is upon us, we think it is time to remind you of the all-important event — The Peoples Church Bazaar—which will take place on December 7th and 8th in Channing Hall.

The many members and friends of the church look forward to this event each year, not only as an opportunity to do some pre-Christmas shopping, but as a golden opportunity to show their love and loyalty to the church of their choice. Perhaps you do not belong to any group or organization in the church; possibly you live too far away and attend the church by radio only. You may even live outside of Illinois, as do hundreds of friends of the church.

If you feel that you have not done all that you would like to do for the church of your choice and its work, The Bazaar affords a place and an activity where all may share in the work to be done.

At this canning season won't you put aside some jars for The Peoples Church Bazaar?

Perhaps you can donate materials out of which others can make something salable; or you can make or buy something which can be sold; ask a friend for a donation: food, candy, beverages, canned goods, Christmas gifts of all kinds, kitchenware, pillow slips, towels, aprons, bedspreads, fancy cushions, every kind of fancy work, crocheted and knitted articles, dolls, babies' clothes, everything useful and beautiful which people might like to buy, from pincushions to rugs, is acceptable.

The Board of Trustees look to the returns of this Bazaar to help very substantially in the work and expense of the church for the year that lies ahead. It is a great community project in which every organization, member and friend of the church can and should help. Won't you do your individual bit? Make your donation to the church office, 941 Lawrence Avenue, or telephone Longbeach 6878.

The Editors.

BOOK CHATS

WHEN Louis Bromfield, farmer and novelist, writes a book you may be assured he has something to say. He never wrote one of his twenty books without a great imperative. He writes because he cannot endure the agony of silence when a story unfolds in his mind. The story is always the medium which conveys his opinions, observations and theories. A novel may be great without a superior plot but no novel is ever great without faultless characterization. Louis Bromfield is never without both a significant, sustaining plot and a capacity for characterization which identifies him with the great novelists in our language.

"What Became of Anna Bolton?" is not his best novel from my point of view but is one of the finest novels of the season. After all the novelist is an historian. If you desire an understanding of that fantastic background of a pre-war Europe, here it is. The glitter of many an empty gad-fly life is masterfully portrayed in the character of Anna Scanlon, who, as Anna Scanlon, had a drunken father and a home on the "wrong side of the tracks" in Lewisburg, Ohio, and who finally becomes Anna Bolton of London and Paris.

Anna Scanlon had one ambition—to run away and "show Lewisburg." She did, and what happened is the book. She finally knew everybody who thought he or she was somebody in every capital of Europe. Untold wealth and social functions surrounded her life, until the climax, which must not be told here, changed everything. She finally found herself in a life of sacrifice and hard work. In her devotion to the refugees she found her woman's soul.

Lewisburg, Ohio, didn't matter at last. It never does. Selfish vindication and personal pride became inconsequential. "Showing Lewisburg" had lost all its incentive. Something changed all that. Now, at the end, it was not only Lewisburg but also London which was asking "What Became of Anna Bolton?"

There are a hundred deductions and conclusions to be drawn from her life. With virile and sturdy phrases Louis Bromfield artfully reveals them all. His characterization of Anna is always consistent and he rises to the challenge of maintaining that consistency when she leaves the provincialism of an Ohio town for the cosmopolitanism of a world capital. Lesser writers would have stumbled here.

One closes the book with reverend assurance that Louis Bromfield understands the inner souls of people. It is from writers of his stature, that when the full fury of this planetary upheaval has spent itself, we may expect a novel so illuminating and interpretative that many a difficult situation today will be understood. After all, the artist sees where we are blind and understands where we are confused. The great novel of this war has not been written and when it is, the author may be Louis Bromfield.

* * *

And now a word about the book entitled "Zack Jones, Fisherman-Philosopher," by Helen Swift.

Was there ever a fisherman who wasn't a philosopher? I have known fishermen in almost all the fishing grounds of this nation—in Iceland, in Norway and in the Izaak Walton country of England, and I have never yet

met a true, ardent fisherman who was not a philosopher. There have been many philosophers who were not fishermen, and some of them would have been much better philosophers had they been fishermen.

It is given to but few people to have so many years of association with a fisherman-philosopher as Helen Swift has had with "Zack Jones"—a fishing companionship which started when Zack was a small, barefoot boy around Lac Verd, Wisconsin, and extended for nearly fifty years.

I revolt against the idea of "escape" literature, and while there is not one word of war or the agony which war creates within the pages of this book, it vibrates with elemental truths which often spring from untutored minds, who are only schooled in the out-of-doors.

The philosophy of "Zack Jones" comes from the hills, the streams, the villagers, the Indians, as well as his reactions to the city people who come to the summer colony.

Helen Swift has accomplished one of the most difficult of all writing tasks and that is, writing in dialect. Her artistry here is evidence of her writing ability. When the raucous voices and the din of artillery and hate have all ceased, the quiet and enduring philosophy of life spoken by "Zack Jones" and superbly written by Helen Swift will linger with that same permanence which belongs to the hills, the streams and the lakes.

✦ ✦ ✦

It is easier to look at the past and discover the mistakes than it is to look into the future and avoid them. One almost becomes breathless at what might have been the course of human history had those who had access to the information of Ambassador Joseph C. Grew acted differently. Mr. Grew served as American Ambassador to Japan from February, 1932 until the attack on Pearl Harbor; was born in Boston, in 1880, and after travelling in Europe and the East was made clerk to the American Consul General at Cairo in 1904. Since then he has devoted his life to the intricate and difficult sphere of diplomacy. Before the last war he served in Mexico, Austria-Hungary, Russia and Germany, and as counselor to our Embassy in Berlin during the last war. In 1918 he became acting head of the Western European division of the State Department, served as Minister to Denmark, to Switzerland, and as Under Secretary of State and as Ambassador to Turkey. From Turkey he went to Japan. One year after the attack on Pearl Harbor a collection of his speeches to the American people appeared under the title "Report From Tokyo." The present volume, "Ten Years in Japan" is an entirely new volume, from different material.

Mr. Grew, who represented this country at Tokyo for a decade before Pearl Harbor, gives the most illuminating and explanatory outline of the how and why in the background of our country's Japanese policy. His sources are unimpeachable, for they consist of his own record as contained in his diaries, the official and personal correspondence, and his dispatches to our State Department. From this great mass of vital material he has written a chronological history of our entire Japanese relationship and what he knows about it.

President Hoover sent Ambassador Grew to Japan in 1932, because he felt we needed the best diplomat in what could then be envisaged as a delicate and a desperate situation. You will recall the Japanese militarists had already moved into Manchuria. They had murdered half a dozen outstanding moderate statesmen, they were ready

to scrap the Washington Treaties and dominate Asia and the far Pacific. The Ambassador had two distinct purposes in his mission, and they characterized all of his efforts. One was to state and maintain the American rights in the Far East, and the other was as much as possible to avoid war. But the Japanese from the beginning revealed their true character and also by their conduct vividly outlined the policies that they proposed to pursue. While Ambassador Grew could not stop the catastrophe, apparently in spite of lack of realizing the true situation on the part of our country, he was able to slow down the Japanese activity, although history shows he could not prevent it.

His last book, "Ten Years in Japan," tells the whole story, and gives in detail a conception of the magnitude of the problems and the difficulties which were involved. He studied at close range the Japanese people and their civilization. He met in social relationship with their politicians, dined with their statesmen, became a part of their cultural activity by attending their plays and concerts and had many audiences with their Emperor, and after all this experience he has come to the final and inevitable conclusion that only a Japan which experiences a total and complete defeat can ever lay the foundations of a nation fit to associate with the great family of nations composed of people who are devoted to freedom, decency and liberty.

This book is a contribution of major proportions and we are all obligated to Mr. Grew for the clarity, understanding and interpretation which he has given us of the problems we face for our present and in the future in our relationships with Japan.

* * *

One would naturally assume that it is much too early to expect our writers to give us important and significant novels dealing with the present war. Some of the finest books written about a situation, such as we are now in, are written many years—sometimes as much as a century—after the events take place; but the tempo of this age has apparently speeded up all this, for John Hershey has written a truly great story of this present war which was published in February of this year. He is the well-known correspondent and author of the rather popular book "Into the Valley," which was published last year. John Hershey was born in 1914 in China. His father and mother were both Americans. The first education he had was in China. Later, coming to this country, he became a student at Hotchkiss and also at Yale. And then he entered Clare College, Cambridge. In the summer of 1937 he was the private secretary to Sinclair Lewis and since then he has been an editor on the staff of Time Magazine. Three years ago Time sent him out to the Orient, a logical thing to do, because of his previous experience and understanding of Oriental people, their attitudes, culture and ambitions. While there, he was able to come in close association with Chiang Kai Shek, members of the Soong family, Japanese Matsuoka and the General Homa. Much of the material which he found on this journey constitutes the sounding board against which John Hershey wrote his first book, called "Men on Bataan." This book, by the way, was published in 1942 and is one of the best yet published on the whole Bataan tragedy. All of the summer, up into the early fall of 1942, Mr. Hershey was attached, as a Time and Life correspondent, to a Navy task force in the Pacific. He spent part of October of that year on Guadalcanal, where he shared the hazards, dangers and trage-

lies of Guadalcanal. He assisted in he rescue of many wounded men un- ler fire and was with the Marines as hey went into action. This was the ackground for his story which he told vith such distinction and vividness in is second book called "Inside the Val- ey." It was published in 1943. This ook was chosen as the second impera- ive by the council on Books in War- ime. Both of these books are factual nd deal with the brutal reality of war in all of its most tragic aspects. Then, early last summer we found him n Africa, and he accompanied the American invasion forces to Italy. The ook to which I am now inviting your ttention, "A Bell for Adano," was written shortly after his return to this country. It is a novel, and like all great novels, it is also the truth. It deals with Americans in Italy. The story is of an Italian-American Major, who tried to re-build an occupied town along the lines of his own instincts and democratic up-bringing here in the United States. This American Major was by name Victor Japolo, and was chosen by the Allied Military Govern- ment to take over the Italian town of Adano under the plan and program outlined by the American military forces. He understood the wonderful, simple people of the town, the fisher- men, the officials, the cartmen, the children who ran in the streets shout- ing to American soldiers to throw them caramels, and he knew how much they wanted to carry on the customs of their homeland, but also how much they wanted and needed a new free- dom. He found that an ancient bell which the town loved had been taken away by the Fascists to make gun barrels, and he did something about it. He discovered that there were pret- ty girls in Italian towns just as there are in American towns. In all of his activity in this town, and with all the new friends he made there, he soon ran into some grave difficulties, for red-tape and prejudice were not long in manifesting themselves, and some- times in a very disagreeable and chal- lenging manner. Mr. Hershey spent three months last summer in the Medi- terranean theatre. He covered the Sicilian Campaign and lived in a vil- lage like the Adano of his story. This novel pulsates with truth, the truth that could only come from a first-hand knowledge of circumstances and con- ditions, but the truth which is impreg- nated with a deep understanding and a basic feeling for the people and their problems. But there is still a deeper meaning to the book, rather than just merely the portrayal of a graphic story of this war, and that is, its portrayal of a future, for it has to do with men who are now, at this moment, facing problems in occupied territories which will be one of the problems of this na- tion for many years to come; the men who have been carefully selected in this country, thoroughly and adequate- ly trained for the difficult task of ad- ministering law and justice behind our armies in the territories which we shall occupy as the military forces move further and further toward their ob- jective. This is Mr. Hershey's first novel, but one who put such sensitive and brilliant writing into his two oth- er books, "Into the Valley," and "Men on Bataan," as he described our fight- ing men, could not help but write an important factual, vital, novel. There will be hundreds of such novels writ- ten in the next few years. Some of them will perhaps be contributions to our literature, but I am quite certain that this novel, "A Bell for Adano," will be remembered not because it is one of the first novels of this war, but because it is one of the best that prob- ably will be written. If you have a son or a friend, a brother or a father in

Italy, you will be thrilled with this book.

Major Victor Japolo, the American with an Italian background, around whom the story centers, will become a famous literary figure. And as John Hershey himself says in the foreword: "The theories about administering occupied territories all turned out to be just theories, and in fact, the thing which determined whether we Americans would be successful in that toughest of all jobs was nothing more or less than the quality of the men who did the administering. This is why I think it is important for you to know about Major Japolo. He was a good man, though weak in certain attractive human ways, and what he did and what he was not able to do in Adano, represented in miniature what America can and cannot do in Europe. Since he happened to be a good man, his works represented the best of the possibilities. Major Japolo was an Italian-American going to work in Italy. Our army has Czecho-Slavs and Frenchmen and Austrians and Czechs and Norwegians in it, and everywhere our army goes in Europe, a man can turn to the private beside him and say, 'Hey, Mac, what's this furriner sayin'? How much does he want for that bunch of grapes?' and Mac will be able to translate. That is where we are lucky. No other country has so many men who speak the languages of the lands we must invade, who understand the ways and have listened to their parents sing the folk-songs of the countries our boys are in." After all it will not be Presidents or Prime Ministers or Diplomats or Four Freedoms or Fourteen Points, that seem so perfect on paper or when spoken, that will guarantee the future. Only *men* can guarantee that future; men like Japolo in this book, "A Bell for Adano," by John Hershey.

P. B.

Mail Overseas Yule Gifts Early

The War Department at Washington advises that gifts to men and women in the service overseas must be mailed between September 15th and October 15th, inclusive, no package to exceed five pounds in weight, or 36 inches in length and girth combined. No more than one package a week may be mailed by any one person.

Education In the Post-War World!

An educated person is a wholly integrated individual. Part of this integration is his social consciousness. He is a member of society and everything which contributes to a deepening of that awareness is of great value to a post-war world. Anything which enables him to understand better his fellow men everywhere in the world will help to create a world of understanding and comity. Education is not merely an accumulation of knowledge. It is not enough to know facts. We must learn how to correlate facts and use them to the well being of the race.

This method of education should begin as early as possible in the life of a child and extend to the close of life itself. We have emphasized credits, semesters, traditions, in education long enough. Let us think of life all the way through as a school—a school in which we never cease to learn. This, to my mind, is the American ideal for education in the post-war world.

P. B.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

Arden Lodge,
Lake Vermilion, Minn.

DEAR Friends:

With the approach of September we reluctantly realize the season is speedily slipping into autumn and will soon be only a memory. Remembrance of many summers fades with time, but events which highlight a special summer remain in reminiscence pleasantly or the reverse. An experience which has cast a shadow over this otherwise happy summertime will remain sadly in our memories always.

One June evening, in that most delightful time following sunset, when daylight lingers long and the sky is tinted pink from the afterglow, my husband said to me, "I want to take you down to the point to see something interesting." We and our house guests got into our boat and cruised down to a place called Arrowhead Point, where the local store is situated and where the family who own it had two fine, thoroughbred German Shepherd dogs—"Rex" and "Peggy," and they had a family of six-weeks-old puppies. Arrived at the point we walked back to the garage and what seemed like a *swarm* of the most adorable puppies came galloping out on wobbly puppy-legs to meet us. Doctor noticed one was missing—*the one*—and after hunting around he pulled the cutest little fellow out from under the woodshed, a claw of a chipmunk which his mother Peggy had killed hanging out one side of his mouth! Dr. Bradley pulled the claw—and most of a leg—out of this puppy's mouth, and put the little rascal into my arms. After that none of the others held interest for me! His coat was quite black on his head, ears and back—he looked like a little "Teddy Bear," and Doctor said he should be named "Gah-Gah," which is the Indian word for "black." "Do you want him?" Doctor asked. "I've arranged with Bill we'd take him home if you liked him." And so I held him in my arms, wrapped up in my sweater, as we rode home to the Island. That was eleven years ago—and Gah-Gah grew into the handsomest dog of his kind I have ever seen (this also has been the opinion of everyone who saw him). He was never mean or vicious and had a remarkably sweet and affectionate disposition, unlike the reputation of his species. But he would let out a roar like a lion if a boat came too near the shores of the Island. This warning bark and his enormous size were sufficient to frighten anyone having no business to land. But if any of the family greeted arrivals at the dock, Gah-Gah knew then they were all right and he gave them a friendly welcome. He had a splendid memory and never forgot anyone who had once visited us;—even if years intervened he recognized them instantly by voice or scent and gave them a glad greeting.

Gah-Gah was so much a part of the Island and our life here summers, and to a certain extent even more so to the caretakers in the winter (and they adored him)! He never left the Island

except to bound out over the ice and snow to meet one of them coming in, racing back and forth from one end to the other and around its boundaries, getting plenty of exercise.

All through these eleven years, when we arrived in the spring Gah-Gah was on the dock to meet us, barking a greeting and racing back and forth, wild with excitement, long before the little boat bringing us across from mainland reached the Island, showing in every way a dog could, his happiness at our return. Anna says he knew in some mysterious way when we were coming and stayed at the end of the dock, watching across at the mainland from early morning till we arrived! Whenever we went out in a boat he never failed to be on the dock to welcome us home, . . .

But now . . . Gah-Gah will greet us no more. . . . He died July 7th, after a week's illness, in spite of loving care and all that could be done—a fine, noble, faithful creature—more like a person than a dog. We laid him in a cedar-lined grave, on a bed of balsam boughs, over in the mainland woods where our dock and garage are. There he will rest under the pines, where white snows will blanket his grave and spring will bring arbutus and violets. We will miss him always—the whole Island is lonely without him. Dear, beautiful Gah-Gah, we feel we have indeed lost a friend!

* * *

Now we will turn to the Mail Bag. I find an interesting letter from Arthur Williams—one of our church boys—written in six V-Mail missives from Italy,—three arrived one day and three the next. We were very pleased with this letter of Arthur's. It shows, as letters from many others have shown, the change the war experience has brought in the thinking of our young men;—appreciation and realization of the value of things they heretofore took for granted! Here is Arthur's letter:—

"Dear Dr. and Mrs. Bradley:—Not too long ago I had the pleasure to receive another issue of The Liberalist —this was the July issue. My duties didn't permit me to read it as soon as I received it, but at long last I got to reading it last Saturday night, and by Sunday night I had read it from cover to cover and I mean just that. Starting with the poem on the front cover 'Americans' by Henry Van Dyke, to the list of your own books on the back cover.

"As I read your sermon 'Radar in Religion,' the thought came to me that (although a fellow shouldn't bank on such things) what a person sometimes misses while going to school he sometimes has opportunity to absorb after he has finished primary education. What brought this thought to my mind was the place in your sermon where you mentioned atoms, molecules, ions, protons, and electrons, to illustrate the fact that men of yesterday had no conception of the world outside of his locality. The thought that I want to get over to you is that during two months of my service in the Army I attended an Army Medical Technician School, where I learned about the theory of electricity and its atoms, molecules, etc., and had it not been for this fact, I wouldn't have understood that part of your sermon so well. By the way when I came to those two big words you used (transubstantiation and consubstantiation) I went into our headquarters office to use their dictionary. Toward the close of your sermon you mentioned an incident in the life of Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, and this brought to me the sound of Mother's voice, for I remember she used to mention Dr. Gunsaulus' name often.

"In last month's (June '44) Read-

r's Digest I read an article which ıentioned Dr. Gunsaulus, and I was uite disappointed when I didn't see our name mentioned, but I enjoyed ıe article very much.

"I enjoyed and liked the reprint of our broadcast 'A Father's Letter to His Soldier Son.' And I liked 'Relion Is Timeless,' taken from your ook 'My Daily Strength' and your ditorial and Book Chats.

"Now, then, Mrs. Bradley, this is vhere you come in. I never fail to ead your 'Mail Bag.' I can't begin o explain the wonderful effect your lescription of the peacefulness and eauty of your garden had on me after ome of the things I've seen over here. As you know, I'm with a Hospital Unit nd what I see and have seen is anyhing but beautiful or peaceful and estful to the mind. So I want to thank ou for your description of a pleasure hat some day I and millions of other oys like myself hope to enjoy again n a peaceful world.

"I'd also like to say that I enjoy eading of Dr. Bradley's engagements nd keeping myself informed of the goings-on of the church. I'm sorry to read of Lt. George Formanek, Jr., being killed.

"Now on the last page of The Liberalist I always enjoy reading through the church directory and seeing the names of all my friends here. As I do, I picture the time when I'll be back there once more with you all.

"Well, I see it's going to take a fifth page of V-Mail in order to finish this letter. I sure hope that all of these arrive together.

"I don't like to brag, so please excuse this if it sounds that way, but since I've been overseas, I've only missed three Sunday church services. What I want to tell you is that during every service there is something or other about it which reminds me of church back home. Last Sunday one of the hymns we sang during the service was 'Love Divine, All Love Excelling,' and immediately the picture of your congregation came to my mind.

"This evening I had my radio playing for the first time since we left North Africa and at 6 p.m. I heard a short daily prayer by an Army Chaplain over the A.E.F. station in Bastia, Corsica, and I found that they use a different prayer from a different Chaplain every evening. I can't begin to tell you what this does to me. I sure hope that everyone that hears it is affected the way I am.

"I've just re-read the first five pages of this letter and as I did, the thought came to me how you would be able to 'weather the storm' of so much small talk from such as I. I sure hope that all six of these pages stay together en route to you. I would have used a regular letter and enclosed this all in one envelope except for the fact that V-Mail goes faster most of the time, and I want this to get to you before you return to Chicago.

"Hoping this six-page V-Mail missive finds you both in the best of health and happiness, as always I remain in the best of health and expect to stay in the pink.

"Yours for America,
"Arthur J. Williams."

* * *

A radio listener wrote the following letter from her farm home, expressing her gratitude for Dr. Bradley's broadcasts, and tells an interesting story of an Indian neighbor:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:—Every morning when at all possible I *must* hear your message and I wanted to write you, but being very busy on a farm with only my son helping, there just seems to be time enough for letters to a son in service for nearly five years (overseas for the second time, first in

Iceland, now in France) and to his wife in Milwaukee, and numerous other boys who made their homes with us when there were no other jobs. But I had a very fine neighbor for over twelve years, who was part Oneida Indian and fought in World War I. He lost his hearing then and had an injured right arm, but came back when the Armistice was signed, married a German girl whom he knew before, and who was quite extravagant, so he really had hard scraping. They had four beautiful daughters and when the three younger ones were still in high school he died of pneumonia. He had worked hard at the local shipyards, owned a car on payments, but walked to and from work those five miles through snow and rain so his family might ride. He begged shoes and clothing for himself wherever he thought he might get some, so his family might buy the new things. He never refused to help anybody—anything that was at all possible for him to do. He stayed up nights and kept the fires going and took his bed clothes to keep his family comfortable. He took advantage of every bit of sunlight and moonlight to plant and work about three acres of truck garden to make a little extra money and be sure his family had ample fresh vegetables.

"Not a day goes by that I don't miss him. As a neighbor across the road he could see when it was chore time and when there were heavy pails and cans to carry he always helped if at all possible. After his death his wife lost her mind. The girls tried to take care of her, as they always said, 'Surely, Daddy would expect it of us.' But it was impossible and the home is broken up. The girls are all through school so can help themselves, but they often said if he had lived and she had gone they would have had a wonderful happy home.

"Your talk this morning on the American Indian and the War was most remarkable and I thought 'Now, I must write Dr. Bradley.' I miss your Sunday morning sermons so very much. We always attend services in the 'First Reformed Church' in Manitowoc, and when we get home tune in to hear you. Ours is the Peoples Church of Manitowoc, as yours is of Chicago. Thanks so much for those wonderful messages, Dr. Bradley, and may God bless you with many more years of health and energy to broadcast them. I am, sincerely, a constant listener, Mrs. Elsie Lindeman."

* * *

With these two rather long letters and my tribute to Gah-Gah, I fear we will not have space for more; so we will close the Mail Bag until next month, when we will write from the Study in Chicago. We hope you'll be listenin'? when church opens September 17th! Be sure to write—

AND—KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

AN APPROPRIATE GIFT

WE can think of no finer gift for a friend, a relative or a neighbor, than one which will remind them of your love every month in the year.

Our Liberalist is such a gift. We are trying to make this a most vital and inspiring church magazine. Every number contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley and special articles of interest and inspiration. All of the activities of the Church are emphasized. Every month there is an interesting department which Dr. Bradley writes, called "Book Chats." There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting features is the Radio Mail Bag in which Mrs. Bradley every month gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send $1.50 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now in its twenty-first year of publication, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your $1.50 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

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✦ ✦ ✦

Opening Date — SEPTEMBER 15TH — 8:30 P.M.

"QUIET SUNDAY"
by Marion Guyton and E. Virginia Smith

✦ ✦ ✦

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The Uptown Players, soon to begin their 20th year in the midwest, will open their fall season with "Quiet Sunday" by Marion Guyton and E. Virginia Smith—a mystery drama—under the personal direction of J. Bradley-Griffin—Sept. 15th.

Ten Celebrity Teas will be held one Sunday each month. Their purpose, to bring together patrons of the theatre, a prominent star of a current production in the City, and friends of the cast of The Uptown Players.

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Vincent William Larsen
Sarah Parks McCord
W. A. Molzahn
Sgt. Robert Harling
Arthur Schumacher
Mary Willeumier
Arthur Bluhm

*Killed in action. **Reported missing at sea.

PEOPLES CHURCH ACTIVITIES

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE—Opening Sunday, Sept. 17th 11:00 a.m.
(Broadcast by WJJD) .....to 12:30 p.m.
Sept. 3rd and 10th—15-minute Sunday Sermon broadcast by WJJD .....11:30 a.m.
SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE—November 5th to Easter ..... 7:30 p.m.
CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—Opening Sunday, Sept. 17th ..... 9:30 a.m.
JUNIOR CHURCH—Opening Sunday, Sept. 17th.....11:00 a.m.
WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES—November through March ..... 8:00 p.m.
CHOIR REHEARSALS—Every Thursday evening, Church Auditorium. 7:30 p.m.
RED CROSS UNIT—Every Thursday in Anderson Hall...9:30 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.
WOMAN'S CLUB—*Opening Luncheon,* Edgewater Beach Hotel, Sept. 25th .....12:30 p.m.
Guest Speaker—Dr. Preston Bradley
Guest Artists—Reynold Leiva, Violinist; Amanda MacDonald, Accompanist
Honored Guests—Mrs. Albert Seidel, Pres. 9th Dist. I.F.W.C.; Mrs. Leonard V. Foley, Pres. Chicago and Cook Co. Fed.; Mrs. Preston Bradley, Hon. Pres.; Mrs. Wyllys W. Hagen, President, presiding; Mrs. Chas. L. Roberts, Prog. Chrmn.; Miss Mabel E. Byrnes, Corr. Sec., 1252 Glenlake Ave., Bri. 5308.
Monday, October 9th—Anderson Hall, Peoples Church..... 1:00 p.m.
American Citizenship Day, Miss Ethel Fowler, Chairman; "America's Historical Dream," in Music and Drama; Mrs. Mary Conen and Musical Artists.
Thursday, October 19th—Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.
Homecoming Card Party, Chairman, Mrs. George Clark, Philanthropy.
Monday, October 23rd—Anderson Hall..... 1:00 p.m.
Education Day, Miss Adelaide M. Thomason, Chairman; Discussion of "Moline Plan" by Student Group from Lake Forest College; Music by Von Steuben High School Choir, Clare John Thomas, Director.
PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB—*Opening Reception* Wednesday, October 11th.
Wednesday—Uptown Players Center, 1219 N. LaSalle Street..... 8:00 p.m.
Book Review by Dr. Preston Bradley
Honored Guests—Members of the Board of Trustees of the Peoples Church and their wives: Mr. William M. Stickney, Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Hunter, Mr. John Langhoff, Mr. and Mrs. John N. Powell, Mrs. J. J. Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Roubinek, Jr.; J. Bradley-Griffin, Director, and Mary Clarke, Secretary-Treasurer of The Uptown Players; Mrs. Preston Bradley, Hon. Pres., and Miss Dorothea Thompson, Past Pres., Business Woman's Club. Mrs. Bradley and Mary Clarke, presiding at the tea tables. Miss Ruth Kruskopf, Pres., Chairman; Miss Ethel Wells Smalley, Program Chairman; Miss Gertrude Kruskopf, Social Chairman.
Monday, October 16—Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.
President's Membership Night, Mrs. H. B. Eddins, Chairman; Miss Elvira Keegan, Co-Chairman. (Regular meeting nights—1st and 3rd Mondays.) (Corr. Sec.—Miss Grace Rozanski, 1434 Thome Ave., Bri. 6914.)
MEN'S CLUB—Fourth Monday night of each month, Anderson Hall... 8:00 p.m.
Sec.—J. A. Ericksen, 947 Lawrence Ave., Sun. 4624.
USHERS' CLUB—Every other Thursday night of each month, Anderson Hall ..... 8:00 p.m.
Sec.—Wm. Emrich, 949 Lawrence Ave., Ard. 4462.
THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—J. Bradley-Griffin, Director; Mary Clarke, Sec.-Treas. The Uptown Players Center, 1219 N. LaSalle St., Whitehall 5257. (See Special Schedule, page 22 of this issue.)

DIRECTORY

THE PEOPLES CHURCH, Lawrence Ave., at Sheridan Rd.

Time of Service 11:00 A.M.

Affiliated with: American Unitarian Association, Boston; Western Unitarian Conference, Chicago

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Preston Bradley, LL.D., D.D.
Student Assistant, John K. Hammon
1214 E. 57th St. Hyde Park 5913

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1219 N. LaSalle St. Whi. 5257

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"Courage For Today"
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—BOBBS-MERRILL—$1.50

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